And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation[2] ?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation ?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds [3]
Of deadly murder[4], spoil, and villainy,

therefore, in conclusion, we wished him [the earl of Somerset] not to *shut the gate* of your majesties *mercy* against himself, by being obdurate any longer." MALONE.

[2] — fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?] All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNSON.

3 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds —] This is a very harsh metaphor. To *overblow* is to *drive away,* or to *keep off*. JOHNSON.

4 Of DEADLY murder,] The folio has *headly*. The passage is not in the quarto. Though *deadly* is an epithet of but little force, applied to *murder*, I yet suspect it to have been the poet's word. So, in Macbeth, vol. xi. p. 170, we have *mortal murders* ;

and in Richard III. Act IV. Sc. I. " *dead-killing* news." MALONE*

Perhaps we should read, [with the second folio], " *heady* murder." So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

" And all the currents of a *heady* fight."

STEEVENS*